



"Plug—plug—plug"—thought Jimmy. He was walking slowly in his rut.

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"Opportunity"

The Story of the Torrington Film

OCCASIONALLY Destiny reaches out her hand and beckons invitingly to the man in the rut. Sometimes he heeds her, but more often he does not.

"Plug, plug, plug," thought Jimmy McClure, bending over his books. He was walking slowly in his rut—a clerkship at thirty a week. Jimmy was two years along the path that leads to nowhere. At other desks in the busy office other clerks—cogs in the machine—bent over other books. Out of the corner of his eye Jimmy could see Old Man Haskins bent, gray, a drab figure in a drab work-a-day world.

Five-thirty.

A moment before Jimmy had thought of putting in some overtime. Now, with everyone leaving, the touch of Old Man Haskins' hand upon his shoulder stirred him to thrust away his book, clamber down the dark stairs, to give a vicious punch to the time clock, and open the door to freedom.

"Slaves—we are—just slaves," said Old Man Has-



kins. He blew a puff of smoke from his vile pipe, and his face clouded as he read youthful ambition in Jimmy's unbelieving eyes.

"Wait till you've worked here eighteen years as I have," he grumbled, "and as for promotion, not a chance."

Jimmy trudged along home, a little wearily and more thoughtfully. Two years! He was beginning to see the rut.

Home. A kiss for Dolly.

The deuce! What was it in her eyes?

"Oh, did you get the new dress, dear?" he asked, remembering quite suddenly.

For answer she handed him a receipted bill from the grocer. Enough to retire the dress from the horizon, at least temporarily. Poor little girl! Her job was just a rut, too. And the pain that was in his eyes stirred Dolly to forced cheerfulness.

"Never mind, Jimmy," she said. "The bill had to be paid, and I didn't need the dress—much."

She bustled about with dinner. Jimmy stared into space, his appetite waning. Dolly's hand was suddenly on his shoulder, her eyes shining with real courage.

"You'll get that promotion soon, then I'll have everything I need."

Promotion! Vividly across Jimmy's mind flashed a vision of Old Man Haskins. Gosh, it *was* true. A rut—deep—and a lifetime long. He stared hard at the table and gradually staring softened into reading the words of his newspaper spread out before him.

It was just a little ad. A local branch of a big corporation needed five men to train as managers. But just now it appealed to Jimmy and he tore it out and he put it carefully in his pocket.

Destiny smiled.

THE Torrington Shop where Jimmy's directions carried him was an attractive store. As he stood hesitating for a moment on the sidewalk, a group of



young men came out carrying electric cleaners. They stepped into a flivver and were gone.

"Selling," thought Jimmy. "I'll be a flat tire, sure."

But he was impressed. The surroundings, the character of the district manager with whom he talked, the sincerity of his proposition, all helped him to decide to come back to a sales meeting in the evening.

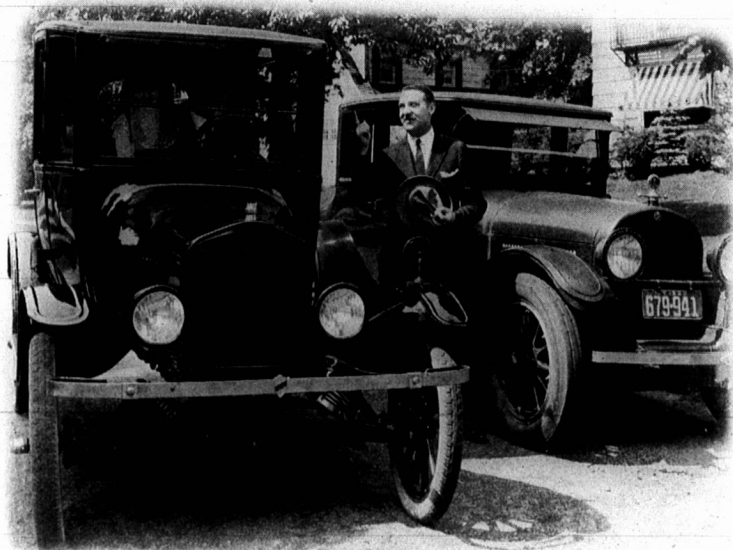
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Nearly a hundred men were there. Jimmy, in a front row seat, listened intently to the district manager. Dolly's words, spoken the night before, rang in his ears. "I think it's just the thing," she said. "You take that job."

He learned something about the Torrington Company, about its record in manufacturing since 1866, its vast resources and its plants in this country and abroad. He learned much about its manufacturing methods and its high ideals and aims; the way in which its newest



He watched the demonstration absorbedly. He was learning—fast.



"Out of the rut at last," they both were thinking—Jimmy had earned his District Managership.

product—a high grade electric cleaner—was distributed through household specialty salesmen appealed to him to the extent that at the end of the meeting he shook hands with the district manager, told him he wanted the job and was told to report for instruction to one of the field managers early the following day.

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"It's no use," said Jimmy. "Three times and out. As a salesman, I'm a fine fizzle."

Grant, to whom these words sounded slightly familiar, grinned, then looked serious.

"Are you going to be a quitter?" he asked. "Why, man, I tried a dozen homes before I even got in."

Jimmy was on the job. Grant, his field manager, had given him his first course in demonstrating. Jimmy watched the first demonstration absorbedly. He was learning fast. But the first three houses he had tried "on his own" had yielded nothing but refusals.



Now Grant's words stung him and he stuck out his lower jaw and strode off up the street. Several more homes proved impregnable and then Jimmy met Mrs. Keen.

He went through a painstaking demonstration, surprised to find the words coming so glibly, but somehow he didn't seem to convince her.

"You must excuse my hands," she said to him as he was preparing to give up. "It's impossible to keep them clean."

Just the cue he needed. In five minutes he had explained how a Torrington can save strength and preserve a woman's looks—and wonder of wonders—she melted, and Jimmy, with a crisp five dollar bill in one hand and a contract in the other, was tearing back up the street to show Grant that, after all, he was no quitter.

Somehow the rut seemed miles away.

ONLY a year. Destiny works fast sometimes. Out of a nice house on a quiet street Dolly was watching Jimmy polish every grain of dust from the hood of a shining new flivver. She paused for a moment before coming down the steps. What a wonderful year! And more wonderful years to come.

Down the quiet street awheeling, and they stopped to a friendly hail, and Jimmy's old district manager came to the car to greet them.

"Glad you're making good, McClure," he said happily. "It was your ability to take my place that gave me my promotion."

"Out of the rut at last," they both were thinking. Jimmy had won his district managership.

So they drove on down the quiet street. Broad and smooth it lay ahead of them, stretching out endlessly with never a rut to mar the expanse of its limitless opportunities.

NOTE—"Opportunity" will be released for showing to all branches the latter part of the month. Full merchandising plans will be announced later.

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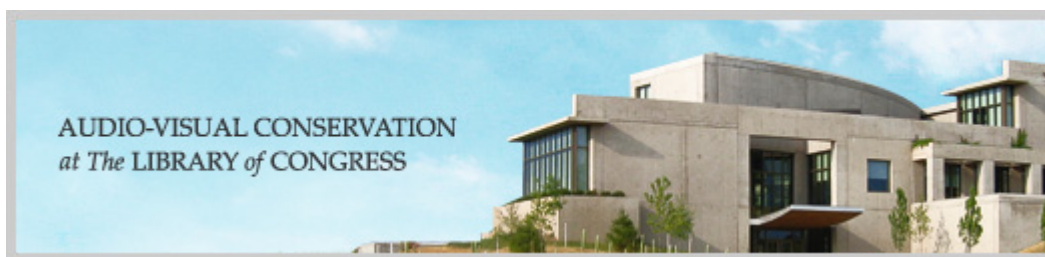
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